

Oxford Democrat.

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PARIS, MAINE, TUESDAY, MAY 1, 1849.

OLD SERIES, NO. 8, VOLUME 18.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT,

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY, BY

G. W. CURRIE,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS—ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS,

ADVANCEMENT IN THE PRICE OF THE

PAPER, IN THE MONTH OF JANUARY, FOR

THE YEAR 1849, WILL BE MADE IN

ADVANCE.

Advertisements for all publications are

to be sent to the printer, and will be

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POETRY.

Up, Brother, Up!

BY C. D. STUART.

Up, brothers, up! the light begins
Along the eastern sky,
To promise that the night is past,
And better days are nigh.

A clarion voice rings o'er the hills,
The valleys catch the sound—
And freedom is the stirring cry
That fills the world around.

It moves through the fading gloom,
The strength the peasant feels—
And old oppression from its throne
With shame and terror reels.

All men lift up their hearts and hands,
More fearless and more free,
And loud ring out the common shout,
No more we'll bend the knee!

From smelly-forge, from fisher's cot,
From plowman that breaks the soil,
From iron foundry, from smoking mines,
From ship that cleaves the sea—
One voice unites and nighter
Sweeps an error from the land,
The tyrant's day, the vassal's work
Are gone, forever gone!

Up, brothers, up! and share the light,
Rejoice the day has come,
When freedom decks the forest shrine,
And gun the poorest shrines
Rejoice, and pledge with strengthening ties
The new-born heart and mind,
To keep the lower world from
To all of human kind.

Rejoice, that ye have broken at length
The strong and heavy chain,
Which neither age nor human strength
Can bind ye with again;
Rejoice, and swear ye will not bend,
Nor give the gaudian back,
Though plighting steel disputes the way,
And fame is on your track!

THE GOLD SEEKERS OF THE SACRAMENTO.

Concluded from First Page.

"Speak, Don Rafael. It is already granted.
Will you have half of my gold?"
"No. But I wish you to swear to me never to
reveal to a living soul the situation of this place,
and never to come back to it yourself."

"I swear I never will, Don Rafael!" exclaimed
vaguely.

"Thank you, my dear friend, said the Gam-
busino. 'You nobleness takes an immense
weight from my heart. If you had refused me,
I would have stabbed you on the spot. Not a
word more on this subject. Let us go.'"

The Gambusino filled his pail with stones, and
then he took the hole; then descending the rocks,
he carefully filled with pieces of rocks mixed
with the blood of the deer which he had killed,
the hole that we had made a week before, to pre-
vent the flowing of the water which drowned the
place.

This done, he filled his valise with the gold
which we had gathered, and we resumed our
journey back to the Sacramento, where we ar-
rived eight days after our departure.

I found before the door two Indians who ap-
peared to be mounting guard, and whom I re-
cognized to be the same with those Quirino had
a conversation the day before we started for our
expedition. They bowed as we approached.

"Where is your companion?" asked Quirino.
"A few steps, yonder, Señor. He is resting
himself."

"Go into the tent," said Rafael, "and see whether
your gold is still where you left it."

"I hastened to obey, and found all right.
Then you owe these men 2,100 dollars," said
the Gambusino. "I hired each man at 50 dol-
lars a day to keep your tent during our absence.
Have I done right?"

"Don Rafael, I know not indeed how to thank
you."

"The Indians gone, the Gambusino proposed to
go and weigh our gold at the shop of our
friend, John Bell."

"Hallo! Here you are, old fellows," exclaimed
the big Kentuckian, in a disdainful tone, "I
suppose you have been out scraping the ground?"

"You suppose right."

"A stupid way to spend one's time. But af-
ter all, to each one his due, I am rich now."

"Ah! You are rich, are you," said the Gam-
busino. "And how have you become rich?"

"Why, in a very easy way. Here is my book,
read! Hiding of gold, at an average of
twenty dollars a day, two hundred dollars. My
hotel, which accommodates twelve boarders at
two dollars each, twenty-four dollars; add to this
a tax of a dollar for all the gold which is brought
here to be washed, and which averages twenty
dollars a day, and you will see that, in thirty-
five days, I have made eight thousand five hun-
dred and forty dollars, without mentioning the
sale of a hundred small measures, of my inven-
tion, measures made of tin and transparent
horn, divided into ounces, and which I have sold
at ten dollars a piece. This makes me this day
the possessor of a fortune of ten thousand five
hundred and sixty dollars. As to my board, it
has cost me nothing. I have always had enough
to eat from the cooking of my customers. What
do you think of my abilities?"

"Here is a dollar," said the Gambusino, with-
out answering the question of the American.
"Just weigh this small quantity of gold which
we have scraped from the earth."

Rafael laid on the counter his valise, which he
had till then kept concealed under his cloak.
"God bless me!" exclaimed John Bell. "Six-
ty-one pounds! reckon it at fourteen dollars an
ounce, and that will make thirty thousand
four hundred and fifty-four dollars!"

"Tshaw! that is only the beginning," said Qui-
rino quietly.

The Kentuckian took hold of both hands of the
Gambusino, and pressed them with all his
might.

"Heave and noble caballero!" said he, trying
to soften his voice, "you know that I have al-
ways been your friend, don't you? Well, I beg
of you, tell me where and how I can find sixty
pounds of gold?"

"What will you give me?"

PROBATE NOTICES.

To the Hon. JON DUNN, Judge of Probate within
the County of Oregon, at Portland, Me.

STEPHEN LEAVITT, Administrator of the
estate of John Leavitt, late of Livermore, Me.,
deceased, respectfully represents that he was
appointed by the Court to sell and convey to the
benefit of the said estate of said deceased, in-
cluding the proceeds of the sale of the same, the
sum of fifty dollars, and that he has accordingly
sold and conveyed the same to said benefit.

"Oh! with pleasure," I exclaimed.
"I must speak to you seriously, dear friend,"
said the Gambusino, after a short pause; "listen
to me attentively. You are now rich, and I be-
lieve you to be a sensible fellow. Do not ruin
by a foolish love of riches, the peaceful and quiet
future which awaits you. A conveyance, just re-
ceived from Monterey at the Sacramento, will ac-
cure a few dollars. Join it. Your quinine and
axe have been useful; try to return to Europe
without being compelled to use your dagger. This
player of the Sacramento, already so dan-
gerous, will soon present a spectacle of horrors
and crimes that will make the devil as happy in
the infernal regions he would be in paradise.
Believe my old experience. You cannot imag-
ine what this place will be, when abandoned to
pillage, murder, hunger, and poison will be the
three presiding divinities. It will be horrible—
Promise me that you will go."

"Yes, Rafael, upon my word, I swear that I
will go."

"These are good words. Now, adieu! Re-
member me sometimes. In your travels."

The Gambusino shook me cordially by the
hand, and disappeared rapidly. For a long time
my eyes followed him, surcharged with tears—
Where was that man going, who had so suddenly
changed the destiny of my life? To death or
to glory?

I returned slowly to my tent, and spent the
night, filled with sober reflections, without be-
ing able to close my eyes. The next day the
corpse of John Bell was discovered at the bot-
tom of a ravine, hanging from the point of a
rock. He had been stabbed through the heart
with a dagger. His death was attributed to an
accident, and the rascals divided his gold.

"The next evening, faithful to my promise,
I left the Sacramento for Monterey."

I sold last week, in England, the gold dust
which I brought from the Sacramento, for sev-
enty thousand dollars.

I often think of Quirino, and I expect to hear
every day that a poor gold seeker has dis-
covered another place far more wonderful than that
of the Sacramento, the riches of which will have
a powerful influence upon the destiny of Eu-
rope. I sometimes think also, that while hid-
ing my good boy, Rafael Quirino had a pre-
sentiment of a speedy death.

PORTLAND MAYOR. At the second trial on
Monday last, the result of the vote for Mayor of
Portland stood Clapp, dem., 1032, Cannon, fed.,
1000, scattering 81. The vote of the Islands is
not stated. At the trial they gave 20 for
Clapp. At the presidential election the federal-
ists led the democratic ticket nearly 300 who ap-
peared to be mounting guard, and whom I re-
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a conversation the day before we started for our
expedition. They bowed as we approached.

"Where is your companion?" asked Quirino.
"A few steps, yonder, Señor. He is resting
himself."

"Go into the tent," said Rafael, "and see whether
your gold is still where you left it."

"I hastened to obey, and found all right.
Then you owe these men 2,100 dollars," said
the Gambusino. "I hired each man at 50 dol-
lars a day to keep your tent during our absence.
Have I done right?"

"Don Rafael, I know not indeed how to thank
you."

"The Indians gone, the Gambusino proposed to
go and weigh our gold at the shop of our
friend, John Bell."

"Hallo! Here you are, old fellows," exclaimed
the big Kentuckian, in a disdainful tone, "I
suppose you have been out scraping the ground?"

"You suppose right."

"A stupid way to spend one's time. But af-
ter all, to each one his due, I am rich now."

"Ah! You are rich, are you," said the Gam-
busino. "And how have you become rich?"

"Why, in a very easy way. Here is my book,
read! Hiding of gold, at an average of
twenty dollars a day, two hundred dollars. My
hotel, which accommodates twelve boarders at
two dollars each, twenty-four dollars; add to this
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five days, I have made eight thousand five hun-
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to soften his voice, "you know that I have al-
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of you, tell me where and how I can find sixty
pounds of gold?"

"What will you give me?"

"That is not enough."

"Not enough! more than three pounds of gold,
that is seven hundred and sixty dollars. Well,
listen to me, now—Yes, you are my friend—
I am willing to make a sacrifice. Find sixty
pounds of gold, for me, and I give you up Miss
Annette."

"That is a bargain," said the Gambusino.
These last words made such an impression up-
on the American, that he had hardly strength
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"To-morrow, at five in the morning," replied
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WHOLESALE DEALERS,

FARMERS, MECHANICS,

CITIZENS, and especially

Ladies with their little Boys,

OUR IMMENSE STOCK OF

NEW SPRING GOODS

For 1849,

Is now ready, at LOWER PRICES THAN EVER!

PLEASE CALL!



TO THE

TRAVELLING PUBLIC!

BE VISIT HEAD QUARTERS for your

Business. As many of our citizens at New York

and New England, are about starting for the

West, we have prepared a list of the most

valuable and reliable information, and a list of

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FRANCIS BLAKE,

FARMERS HEAD QUARTERS,

Harrison, Me.,

—OFFERS FOR SALE—

3000 Bushels TURKISH ISLAND SALT,

1000 " " " " " " " "

325 Bbls. T. W. M. FLOUR,

40 Bbls. MOLASSES—a prime article,

20 Boxes HAVANA BROWN SUGAR,

18 Bags COFFEE,

20 Chests TEA,

10 Bbls. MACARONI,